



# QUAD

Fall, 1976

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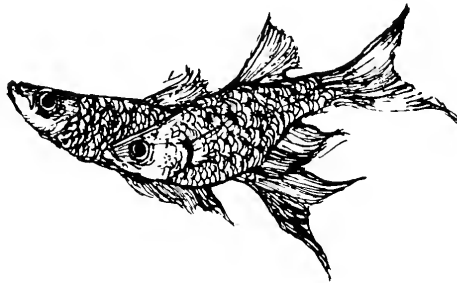
QUAD is a little magazine of literature and art published twice a year by the students of Birmingham-Southern College as a means of presenting the best available creative efforts of the community.

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Greg Barnard  
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Glenda Savage  
Martha Speer  
Tim Stewart

QUAD is subsidized by the Student Government Association through the Publications Board. The material printed here is the work of students currently or recently enrolled at Southern. All contributions of material - short stories, poetry, critical writings, essays, plays, photographs, art work, etc. - are greatly appreciated. Those who wish to contribute or work on the staff should contact the editor, Tina Trapane, at B-SC P.O. Box 317. Any criticism or suggestions from the community are welcomed.





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cover photo by Jim Wells

"Fish" by Bill Meredith

"Face in Lines" by Ken Friday

Special thanks to Chris Benich for calligraphy

The photographs and cover were printed by Specialty Printing, Southside.

The remainder of the magazine was printed by the B-SC Print Shop.

Once I saw a woman  
With a face the shape  
Of a crescent moon  
Whose chin curved out above  
Her neck  
Farther than her forehead.

And  
I didn't stare. But knew  
Her eyes were sapphire  
Like Vega at night,  
They hung so from her lashes  
Like two bright stars.  
Blue.

So  
I thought her face should dangle  
From my necklace - a simple silver chain  
Of light from a winter moon  
In clouds -  
And in the night her eyes  
Would take the shadows gently.

But she preferred the darkness.

- Glenda Sarge







Memory stains the darkest corridors of my brain  
 A gallery of unfocused pictures  
 and translucent windows.  
 I press my nose firmly  
 against the chill pane--  
 my minutest whisper disperses a thick fog  
 and blurs my sight.  
 Memory treads silently through my veins.  
 My furtive footsteps desire release  
 from her thin net of stifling ether.  
 She whispers, but the whisper gives birth to a shout  
 which resounds in the wells of my loneliness.  
 I can only escape  
 through the reflections of my tears.  
 I cannot cry.

- Martha Speer

My teardrops are

l  
o  
n  
g  
e  
r

than yours. they drip off  
my nose and sometimes run all

the  
way  
down  
my  
neck

AS I SIT

As I sit upon this porch  
 Memories of other days  
 Play with my thoughts.  
 As I remember I see images of my past.

- Martha Speer

The specters of grey  
 Remind me of the sad times  
 And with the ghosts of yellow  
 I re-live the happy moments.

The image of blue  
 Re-creates the pleasant times  
 And the figure of white  
 Calls to my mind the times of love.

My life is a rainbow of emotions and events  
 All of which enter my mind  
 As I sit upon this porch  
 And watch the cool, beautiful rain.

- Fred Webster

"Really, darling," the Mad Hatter commented, "you must be more careful."

Alice, who'd just spilled amber tea all over the white linen tablecloth and was vainly trying to mop it up with the Cheshire Cat's fluffy tail, replied defensively, "Well, you shouldn't have jostled my elbow."

"But I had to, child, to get my crumpets," the Hatter retorted, blinking in the strong sunlight filtering through the trees.

"You've had quite enough crumpets already," the March Hare haughtily stated. "Pass some this way if you will."

"And what if I won't?" came the bristling reply, and, in his lunge for the saucer, the Hatter knocked the teapot and jolted the Dormouse, which at once began to murmur: "Shan't, shan't, shan't..." as it slept.

"You are clumsy today," Alice astutely remarked, "and terribly disagreeable."

"I can't help it," the Hatter sulked. "I've a sliver in my finger."

"Really?" cried Alice, who liked to be helpful. "Let me see it, why don't you, and perhaps we can get it out."

"It's a hopeless case," the Hatter warned, nevertheless removing his glove and relinquishing the finger in question to Alice's scrutiny. Glittering in the sun, a silver bit of metal lodged there, just under the skin. "I've no tweezers, you see. I gave them to Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and they've been fighting over them ever since."

"What sort of sliver is it?" the March Hare inquired, looking as though it might lean over the table would that not be a breach of etiquette.

"It's not a common sliver," Alice ventured.

"No, indeed," the Hatter nodded proudly. "It's a silver sliver. I got it when I was knighted, ages ago."

"Then why haven't you complained of it before?" Alice inquired, suspiciously.

"Madame, I never complain," the Hatter stiffly retorted, "and besides, it's only just now begun to hurt."

"Pardon me," came the Cheshire Cat's soft purr, "but shouldn't there be a pair of sugar tongs about?"

"Only a madman would try to get a sliver out with silver tongs!" the Hatter yelled, stuffing his hand into his pocket.

"But, then, you're all quite mad," the Cat reminded him. "I'm mad. We're all mad - except her - so why shouldn't it be done?"

"True," the Hatter conceded, and the search for the sugar tongs began, finally terminating when they were discovered under the teapot, causing the Dormouse to be jostled again.

"We've found it!" the March Hare crowed.

"Found it, found it, found it..." the Dormouse murmured, eyes closed fast.

"Now I'll remove the sliver," Alice replied, taking them from it.

"Why you?" the March Hare snapped. "Why not I?"

"And how would you hold them still long enough to do it?" Alice demanded, and looking at its paws the March Hare had to concede not.

"Why shouldn't he take it out himself then?" it sulked, sitting back in its chair of carved rosewood.

"That would be a grand gesture," the Hatter cried. "'Physician, heal thyself!'"

"But you're no physician," Alice reasonably demurred.

"Nevertheless, I shall do it," the Hatter grandly replied, holding up his finger. "Oh, no, no, I shan't."

"Why not?" the March Hare asked.

"I'm afraid of blood," the Hatter sadly replied, "especially my own."

"Enough of this nonsense!" Alice cried, and, seizing the Hatter's finger, focused the tongs on it. To her great surprise, they seemed to shrink away in her hand until they might well have been tweezers, and she plucked the sliver out, but as she brought them away it was as though they'd never changed, and she sat holding a silver sliver between a pair of sugar tongs.

"Capital!" the March Hare cried.

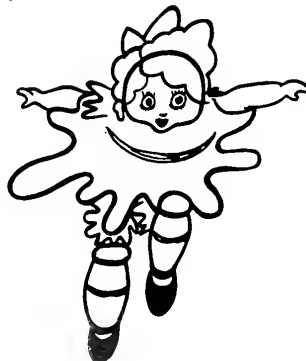
"Communist!" the Hatter countered, and as they glared at each other, Alice dropped the sliver into her palm and remarked:

"So tiny... why, how curious! It seems to be a diamond!" And so it was, and as they watched it grew to the size of a nut, all sparkling and bright, and then began to turn sapphire blue - and, slowly, a butterfly came out of its depths and fluttered away into the afternoon air, and the crystal shell dissolved into sugar.

"Curiouser and curiouser," the Hatter shivered.

"Pass the crumpets," Alice replied dourly.

Susan V. Lair







## EPIMETHEUS

Sitting alone 'neath some knife-scarred collegiate tree,  
I prepare to take mind and soul and intellect in hand  
And upending the box of memory, drawn from some dusty mind-file,  
Look at life.  
Yuck.  
Thrice have I thus begun the exodus of higher education.  
Caught amid the smiling faces, the mickey mouse routine, the  
frenzied Grecian ritual, and blah, blah, blah.  
There exists an atmosphere of deja-vu.  
This summer re-run type of living holds all the vital elements essential  
to a third-rate dime store novel.  
Note the "girl next door" heroine; the instances of love, lust, lechery;  
the period of rebellion; the time of oblation, rah-rah-rah-sis-boom-bah.  
I have travelled the course of liberal arts diligently.  
My mind is a treasure trove of unemployable trivia.  
I stand erect--  
A living monument to the laurels of modern collegiate life.  
Methinks the time could have been wiser spent.

JRM  
1976

## HOMEcoming

The close of day is near.

Late evening sun filters through the  
window panes filling the room with  
warmth.

A quiet peace hand in hand with  
evening descends upon the house.

The woodwork gleams, and the fire-  
light is reflected and broken into a  
million tiny sunbeams who dance  
around the crystal.

The table is set for two, and every-  
thing is in its place.

Out in the hall the grandfather clock  
announces the hour with a few muffled  
chimes, only to be followed by a few  
seconds of silent, anxious waiting.

Time passes, and not a sound is heard.

Suddenly a step upon the porch pro-  
claims your homecoming.

It seems a shame that what few oaks remain,

Rather than toppling in a hellish quake

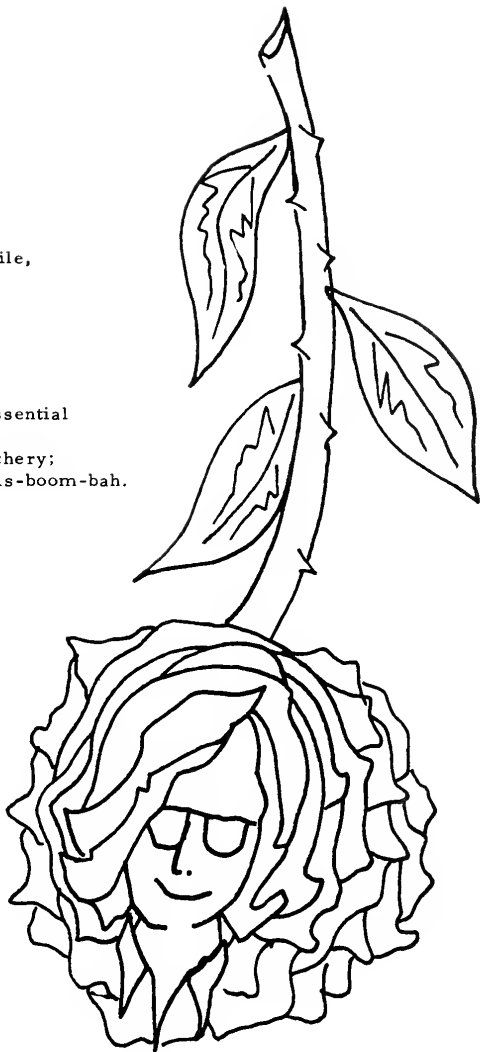
Or kindling in a blazing blast from heaven,

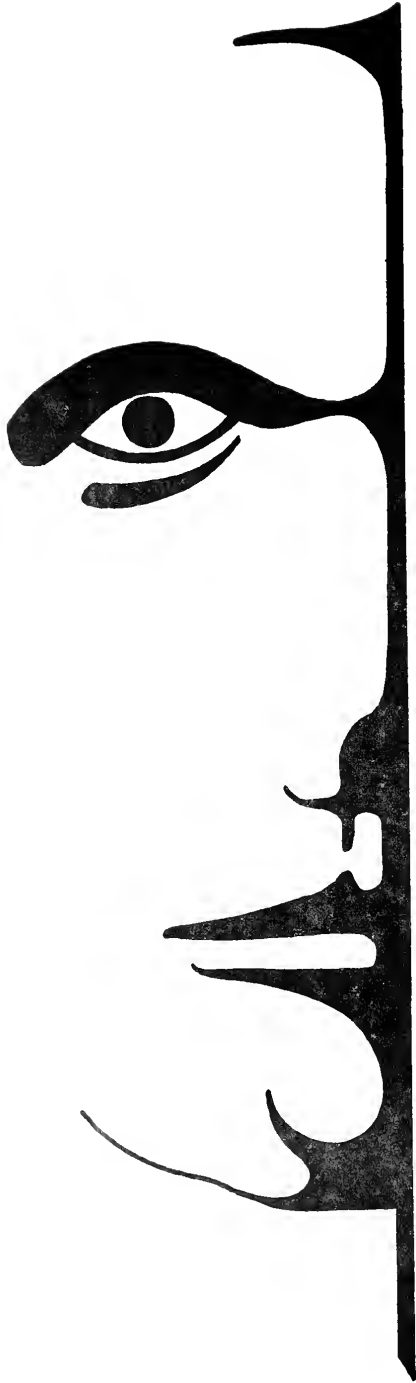
Are shaved into a hundred million toothpicks

And drowned in the spit of so many rednecks.

W. J. M.

Jon Jefferson



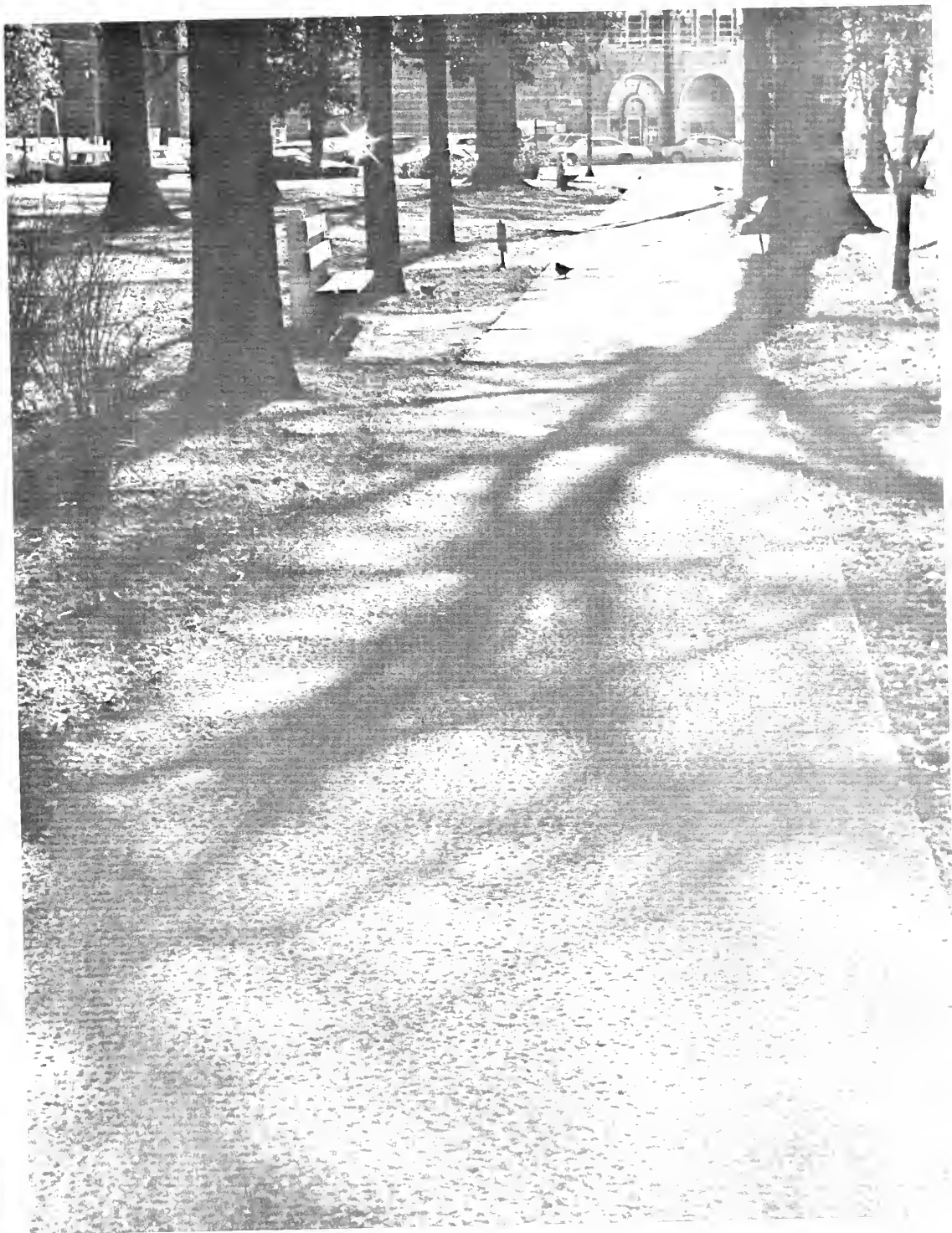


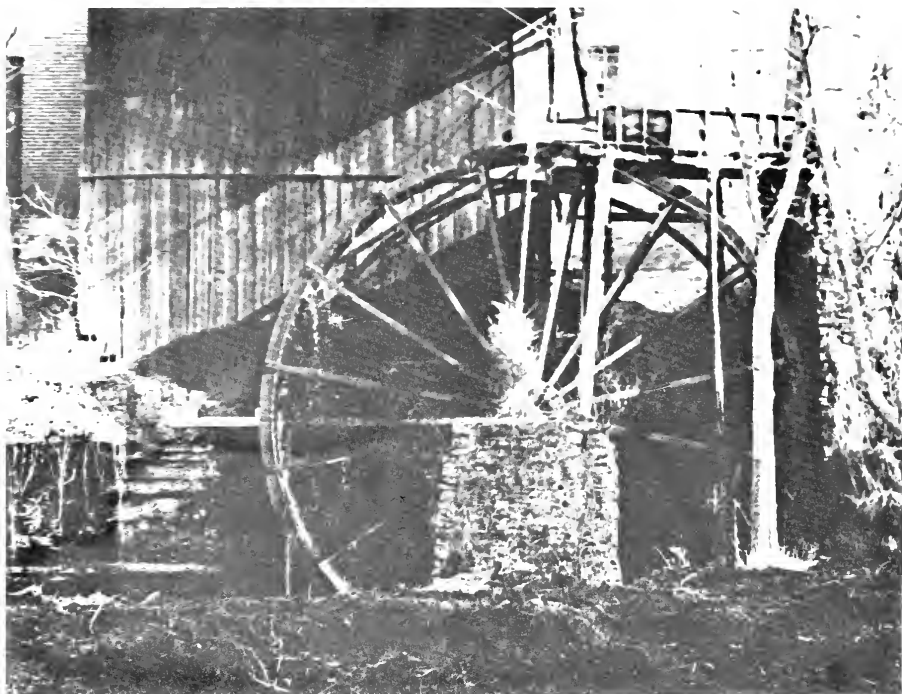
*ISOLATION*

*The circle of light  
Stops just at my feet.  
Though without I see in  
And am happy.*

*The warmth and love  
Are nice but fastholding  
While I can see in  
And enjoy  
And leave.*

*- Cathy Marsh*







Foreword: The following, (story, poem, essay), was written in protest of human greed and human apathy... It was inspired by Crosby and Nash's song, "To the Last Whale... A Critical Mass (B) Wind on the Water."  
 Maybe if you look carefully enough, you will find that the different parts do fit together in a wierd sort of way - but if you look for disharmony, it isn't hard to find...

# AN EXECRABLE TREATISE ON GODS; (and other people)

- A. Huperson -

My epitaph  
 In the beginning there was man  
 and other life.  
 Man was given awareness and imagination...  
 The rest got instincts,  
 trust,  
 innocence...  
 Sound fair enough?  
 HELL NO!  
 Man also got a rock complete with instructions,  
 but he didn't get any  
 innocence...

Dialogue  
 Veni, vidi, vici.  
 It has life.  
 Kill it.  
 If I were an "animal",  
 paranoia,  
 paranoid:  
 Scared as hell  
 if I were alive,  
 if I lived outside the substance  
 of these futile words.....  
 I am a caterpillar.  
 spin  
 I want to be a butterfly.  
 spin  
 spin  
 Want to know how I change?  
 spin  
 spin  
 spin  
 spin  
 So cut me open.....  
 Death.  
 So what?  
 Science  
 progress,  
 life goes on;  
 or does it?

In Memorium  
 Poor Dodo.  
 He has a eulogy you know,  
 shall I sing it to you?  
 \*Hum...  
 \*\*a largebird,nowextinctthat  
 hadahookedbill,  
 shortneckandlegs,and  
 rudimentarywingsuseless  
 forflying:

(chorus) formerlyfoundedonMauritus  
 formerlyfoundedonMauritus  
 Oh, I'm sorry;  
 too emotional for you?  
 Here let me brush away that tear.  
 Just remember,  
 even if they couldn't fly  
 they made fine targets...  
 for clubs...  
 Aren't you happy?  
 After all, You're a god,  
 you can be forgiven.....  
 May God Damn Man  
 too, also, and forthwith,  
 to hell;  
 But where is it?  
 In the mind?  
 In the heart?  
 In Topeka, Kansas?  
 Who cares?  
 Turn-about is fair shit  
 give animals guns...  
 Let's see:  
 "Who wants to go hunting?"  
 "Me? Hell no, that's dangerous,  
 I might kill something."  
 Let's count the score:  
 How many species of life has man created?  
 none, huh.....;  
 Well, how many has he destroyed?  
 Oh, I guess we've whitewashed the world  
 haven't we.....  
 If earth wants a new mountain,  
 how many men will volunteer,  
 donate their bodies to its construction?  
 See how much they like being sacrifices?  
 Yet;  
 "Anybody want to stripmine?"  
 Ignore ecology (that archaic word)  
 "Me!"  
 "Me!"  
 Anything for a damn dollar.

## - Interlude -

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female He created them.  
 And God blessed them, and God said to them, "Be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the face of the earth." And God said, "Behold I have given you every plant yielding seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree with seed in its fruit; you shall have them for food.

Author - God  
 Genesis 1:27-30

\* -- C#  
 \*\* - courtesy of Webster who was never wrong,(he was a man you know).



Exit, to the gallows  
 or  
 Reflections on an interlude  
 Oh boy!!!!  
 A new toy!  
 What shall we do with it?  
 We'll keep it till we're tired of it

then break it:  
 What else?

Bye, bye passenger pigeons, aren't you,  
 weren't you,  
 a bird of the air?  
 I never saw you.  
 LOOK!!! Over there by the exit,  
 the door with a cross on it;  
 Bison, Tigers, Bears;  
 (all those passe animals)  
 Look, a whale, seals, and a hell of a lot of birds,  
 waiting to leave

Earth  
 forever.

Animals as passe as say,  
 a Passion Play?  
 Why must they be sacrificed?  
 Society  
 poverty, clap, hate, war, greed, crime,  
 addiction, famine, destruction, fear,  
 society.

Death.

(P.S. Don't do anything I wouldn't do,

The End; (that is to say,  
 the beginning)

Maybe we're doing them a favor;  
 think of the hell being made to become  
 human.....

I choose death...  
 or maybe...

- A Second Interlude -

So God created man in his own image, in  
 the image of God he created him; male and  
 female He created them.  
 And God blessed them, and God said to them,  
 "Here is my world, take care of it, and have  
 dominion over no man, beast, or plant, lest  
 they gain dominion over you."  
 And God blessed them again and gave them  
 innocence.....  
 Author - God  
 Imagination:l-Infinity

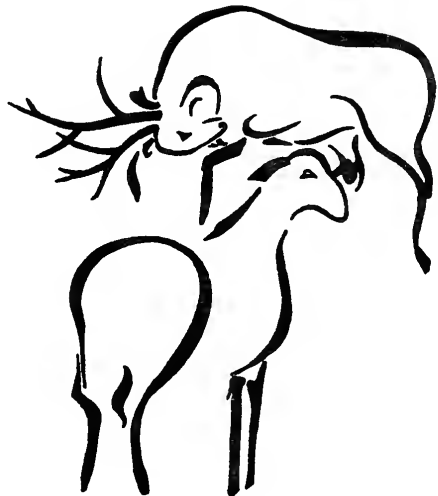
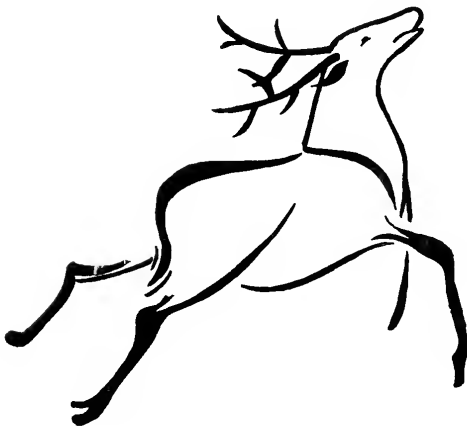
innocence

Humanity, go to heck...

Silly euphemism,  
 where the hell is heck?

Ad infinitum  
 and beyond,  
 and a little further....  
 Farewell and hello.

if you can)



The following selection of graffiti was copied from the walls behind the stacks in the old library. We thought that the students of B-SC might like to have this remembrance of days when it was possible to escape the mental rigors of study by engraving and reading profound and heart-felt sentiments on the walls around the windows by the carrels. So that posterity might have the benefit of the great intellectual - "off the wall" - efforts put forth by generations of 'Southern students, the QUAD staff presents the following section:

Long live Billy the Poet! (Vonnegut)

SEE PEOPLE DO READ GRAFFITI

But do they read Vonnegut?

an honest man  
can't be cheated.  
- W.C. Fields

WRITING ON LIBRARY WALLS  
IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN  
AT BSC

SHAKESPEARE EATS BACON  
(No-holes Bard)

Reality is the fantasy of  
those who think they  
are in control

Stamp out graffiti!  
How would you like it if a wall  
wrote all over you?

Suffocation:

The angles of this city repress me  
This perpendicular wall is a trap,  
And I must escape  
To the fluid line of a clear horizon  
And the gentle curve  
of my love's face  
In order to live  
Again.

Nov '73

LORD  
Please  
help  
me!

sure,  
what do you need

"Chemistry is

CONFUCIUS WAS A BLA

Plato was a racist.

MEETS IN YOUR MIND  
NOT  
IN  
YOUR  
HAND

You can pick 40  
you can pick 40  
you can't pick 40

Sorry  
IXΘYE  
STARKIST

IXΘYE

I think  
I think I am.  
Therefore I am  
- I think

And as the afternoon drifts lazily by - the wind & the trees make

Abena is to love what  
wind is to fire; it  
extinguishes the small, it  
enkindles the great.

Why must we eat  
the cake (with the porcelain  
doll in it) with caution?  
- Because a fork is  
only for one purpose.  
Strange!

a thrill a day keeps the chill away.  
- Mae West

fun!"  
T.

Danise Richmond -  
I love you, I don't know  
But how to tell you

ERMOUTH.

dirty minded.

you above  
tion?

"Sure there are  
dishonest men in local  
government. There are  
dishonest men in  
national government too."

- Richard M. Nixon, 1952

OH BE QUIET! -  
I HAVE TO WRITE  
A PAPER BY MY  
NEXT CLASS.

the secret of education lies in  
respecting the pupil.  
- R.W. Emerson

friends and  
nose, but  
friends nose  
end of the world has been  
stationed until the trumpeters learn  
their parts.

Graffiti is  
beautiful!

"The buffalo are ready."  
- Matthew; 6:27-28

Note: no work submitted to this wall for  
publication will be returned.

love  
day 1971

## Conversation

(part II of a conversation  
with no part I...)

... then there'd be froget,  
and only tadpoles would attend!

(Boo!!)

(Hiss?)

(hiss.)

(d'accord!)

(yup!)

(oui, oui, mon cher.)

(thank you)

(i'm Waiting for Inspiration)

(Heus, pulchra puella;  
amo tu!)

(Same to ya, fella! --

Oo- bien, la même à toi!)

Tim Kendrick

+

Claudia Mullins



a splash of color --  
it seems almost an illusion  
the butterfly  
disturbing my somber gaze on a  
summer's day  
and yet  
isn't all that's beautiful  
as fleeting as the butterfly  
and all that's secure  
as temporary as this creature's  
gentle inspection of a blade of  
grass?

Martha Speer

The air was heavy with the odor of elegance, and I'll never forget my first impressions of that evening, when I walked through those doors and into that room. I waded knee-deep through the rich pile of the carpet. Here, I could tell, conversation was still an art. Like lighthouse beacons through murky fog, the voices around me flashed intermittently through the Persian attar of roses with which the atmosphere was laden. Brilliant voices - but then these, I reminded myself, were such fulgurate people. In that room, that night, the fate of a nation rested in the balance of decisions made by the glittering world of dukes and diplomats. In that room, if I was lucky, I would find the career for which I had been ceaselessly working for seven years.

My mentor, and the man who had gotten me into Madame Martin's "salon" on this night of nights, beckoned me to the window. Wordlessly, he pointed to the street below. A Rolls-Royce Phantom IV custom deluxe body-by-Hennessy limosine came gliding up to the entrance of the town house. A chauffeur in a crisp blue uniform stepped down and opened the rear door with a flourish. Across the street a Citroen taxi stopped, and out climbed a superbly-clad-in-sables woman. She crossed the street and spoke inaudibly to the chauffeur still holding open the door of the empty Rolls. On the gentle breezes of the balmy evening her voice floated up to us in the window.

"You were followed you fool."

"But Madame, how... when..."

"Never mind."

"I thought you were in the car...I..."

"In the future, be more careful. No one must know that I am here."

Smiling, she turned and faced the battery of newspaper photographers and society page columnists. Accompanied by the explosions of flashbulbs and a barrage of questions she swept, sables revealing mink, mink revealing silk, silk revealing her, into the lobby and out of our sight.

"Is that her?" I asked my mentor.

He nodded curtly.

"Brief me once more." I found the palms of my hands were sweating, as well as the soles of my feet.

"It is very simple." My friend was very patient. "You need know nothing of the political situation. That the representatives of N.A.T.O. are meeting with the leaders of the Common Market nations to discuss a possible merger of the two organizations doesn't concern you. Your business is with..."

"The Countess Kankantchy."

"...yes. She is the delegate from Russia and represents the faction which wishes..."

"to see Iceland become the next communist bloc nation."

"...yes. You've done your homework well. I don't think you need any further re-briefing."

"Precisely."

With that he left the room, and I was alone, more alone than if the room had been empty, for the peculiar nature of my isolation as I was surrounded by people is impossible to describe. I felt like something from a painting by Edgar Monk. Still I watched the great panelled french doors. Within a few minutes two liveried servants flung the doors back.

"Madame la Comtesse de Kankantchy," they intoned. In she came, magnificent in satin. Madame Martin and a host of others rushed to greet her. I took a glass of champagne from the flunkie with the tray at my elbow. As I raised it to my lips, waves of musk enveloped me. I looked around. It was my contact for the evening.

"Don't drink that champagne," she hissed. "There's a message in it."

I found myself wondering, as I probed with my finger to the bottom of the hollow-stemmed glass, who was on duty in the office's wardrobe department. Doris looked really tacky. Giving me the code sign, she moved away, laughing and talking nonchalantly. A good actress, eventually she even found someone with whom to converse.

The night wore on.

The guests began to leave one by one, except, of course, for the guests who really had a purpose in being there. When all the superfluous people had left, the servants drew up tables and then they were dismissed. The hostess retired. I was left with twenty or thirty of the world's most desperate men and women. The negotiating began.

Carefully I sat down beside Madame Kankantchy. She sat, very silent and very still, in her backless gown of diaphanous lace, studying the diamonds a-fire on her fingers.

"Ruble," I whispered. Slowly she turned her stunning eyes upon me.

"Then you know why I am really here," she said.

"Of course."

"I want..."

"The Romanensky emeralds."

"...but I can't get..."

"I have a plan."

"I will go with you."

"Countess," a voice interrupted, "we were hoping you could enlighten us upon this point, especially since one of your cousins is the First Secretary and another is the Premier in your country."

"Really, gentlemen, as you know I do not meddle in politics, however, it seems that at our last family reunion I did hear..."

I moved stealthily to the foyer. In a few moments I was joined by Madame Kankantchy.

"We must move quickly," she said.

"Why?"

"I may have said something crucial. I must get to my base of operations in Switzerland and contact Moscow at once."

"Meanwhile," I reminded her, "there are..."

"The emeralds."

"Precisely."

"Tell me your plan."

"Let us," I cautioned, "talk in your car."

"Only one thing bothers me," Madame Kankantchy, swathed in silver fox furs, sank back into the seat of her Rolls, "and that is that among my staff there is an American spy."

"You are sure?"

"Yes."

"Stop here," I said to the chauffeur.

"But this is the house of the exiled Royal Family of Serbia."

"Yes."

"You mean they have had..."

"The emeralds--"

"...all this time?"

"Precisely."

"But how do we get in?" Breathless, the countess was watching me with her great, smouldering eyes.

"You forget," I said. "Tonight is the ceremonial barbeque..."

"--in honor of the Bicentennial..."

"...in the Bois de Boulogne..."

"...to which they have gone?"

"Precisely."

In the ex-king of Serbia's bedroom I handed her a small gold key and pointed to an enamelled box on the mantel. With the consummate grace of a tight-rope artist she crossed the room. Enchanted, I watched the rhythm of her movements. She fitted the key into the box and opened it.

"The Kamenovsky rubies. I happen to know they are fakes." She flung the box to the floor.

"Try the next box." I handed her another key.

"The Boraminsky diamonds. Not as good as mine." They too landed on the floor.

"There is one more box." I handed her the third key.

"Ah..." Madame Kankantchy held the emeralds up. Their green could not match the blaze in her green and depthless eyes.

"Let me see." I took the emeralds from her and pretended to examine them. Cleverly, before she could notice, I switched them for the phony emeralds in my pocket. Those I handed to her.

"Algernon," she spoke to her chauffeur when we were once again ensconced in her car, "take me to the hotel."

Her suite was a flurry of activity--maids packing Dior and Givenchy gowns, secretaries rushing back and forth with documents marked "Top Secret", and the chauffeur packing her jewels. Breathtaking in her halter-style black velvet dress, Madame Kankantchy reached for the telephone.

"I must call my pilot. We fly from here immediately."

"No," I said.

"It is the quickest way."

"There is something I must tell you."

"Ah..."

"It may be our last..."

"We could drive..."

"I couldn't bear not to..."

"The back seat folds down."

"Natasha," I murmured.

"Algernon," the countess turned imperiously, "bring the pillows off my bed."

I awoke to see the cool, crisp peaks of the Alps through the windows of her car.

"We are almost to the border."

"Yes."

"We may meet again."

"I will live," I said, "only for that moment."

At the border the Zambraghese Alpha II Mach VIII sports racer especially designed for the mountain roads she would drive to her chalet awaited her. Booted and gloved, her green and gold hussar's uniform with bearskin hat to match shining in the morning sun, Madame Kankantchy swung herself over the door into the driver's seat. Her tawny, amber eyes fired slowly as we looked at each other. One by one she started her engines.

"Good-bye, comrade."

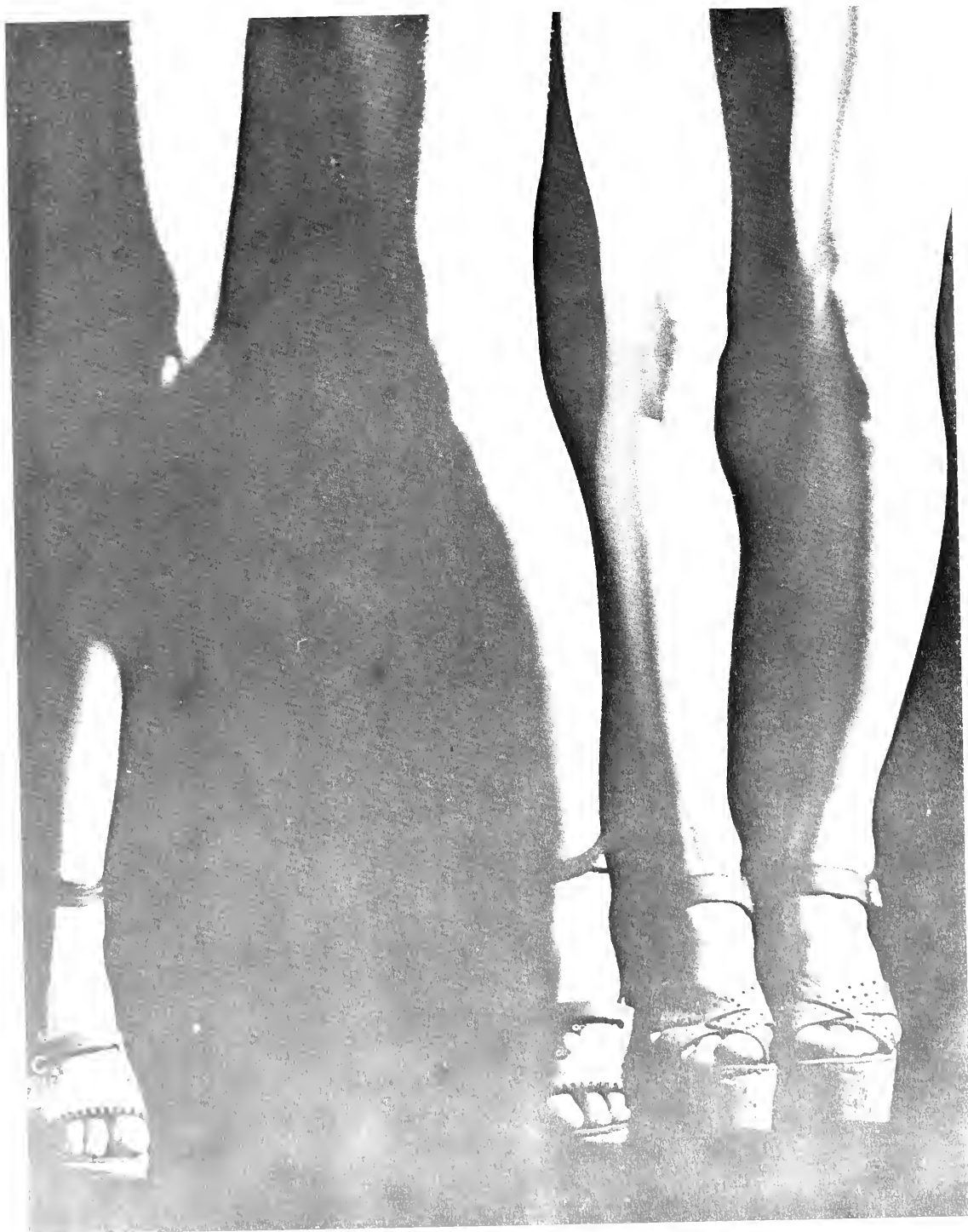
"Arriverderci."

It was an appropriate word for me to use, for within five minutes I was flying, with the emeralds, towards Rome, where I had an appointment with the great-grand-niece of Mussolini, the Principessa Brunilde Lamamamamina.

Natasha must have been half-way to her mountain hide-a-way when she discovered her emeralds were fakes. It was also about that time that she finally discovered who the American spy was amongst her staff. As







she looked in her rear-view mirror, she thought she caught the gleam of a radiator grille. But that was impossible, since she was the only one who ever drove this lonely, winding stretch of road. Then she saw it again. She was unmistakably being followed, and by a Rolls-Royce. The Countess froze with horror at the wheel as she saw two sets of twin sub-machine guns project from underneath the great double headlights of her own limousine. Algernon! Natasha pressed the accelerator and swung the sports car ever increasing speed around the sharp curves bordering cliffs seven thousand feet high. Still the Rolls kept pace. Thinking to appeal to the characteristic American greed of her now ex-chauffeur (she had just decided he was fired). and perhaps slow him down, Madame Kankantchy picked the emeralds up off the seat beside her and threw them back over her shoulder. After all, he wouldn't know they weren't real. The necklace wrapped itself around the flying lady hood ornament of the pursuing car at the precise moment the center emerald was scheduled to explode. Fascinated, Natasha turned to watch the Rolls, a roaring fireball trailing tons of black smoke, swerve off the road and thunder over the precipice.

Then she turned back, her peerless lips forming a perfect "o" of shock and surprise. I rather imagine she didn't scream. The Zambraghesi Alpha II Mach VIII, etc., was plunging downward.

- Greg Barnard



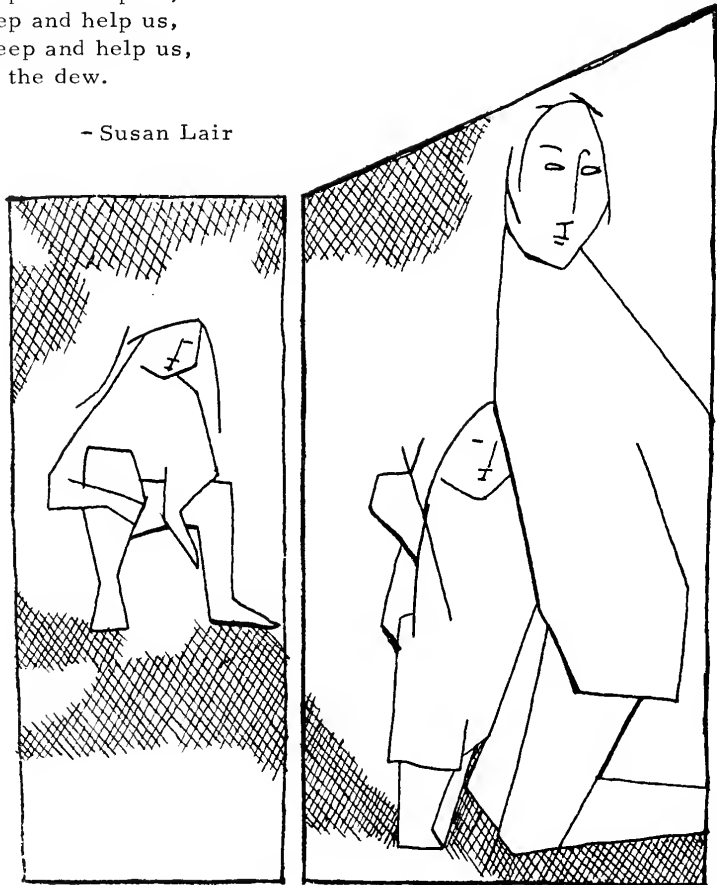
danielle, i didn't mean to tell you, but the yanks are at our door  
and unless somebody feeds them they will set fire to the floor,  
and they're looking all half-crazy from the gunfire and the gore,  
i don't know what they'll do.

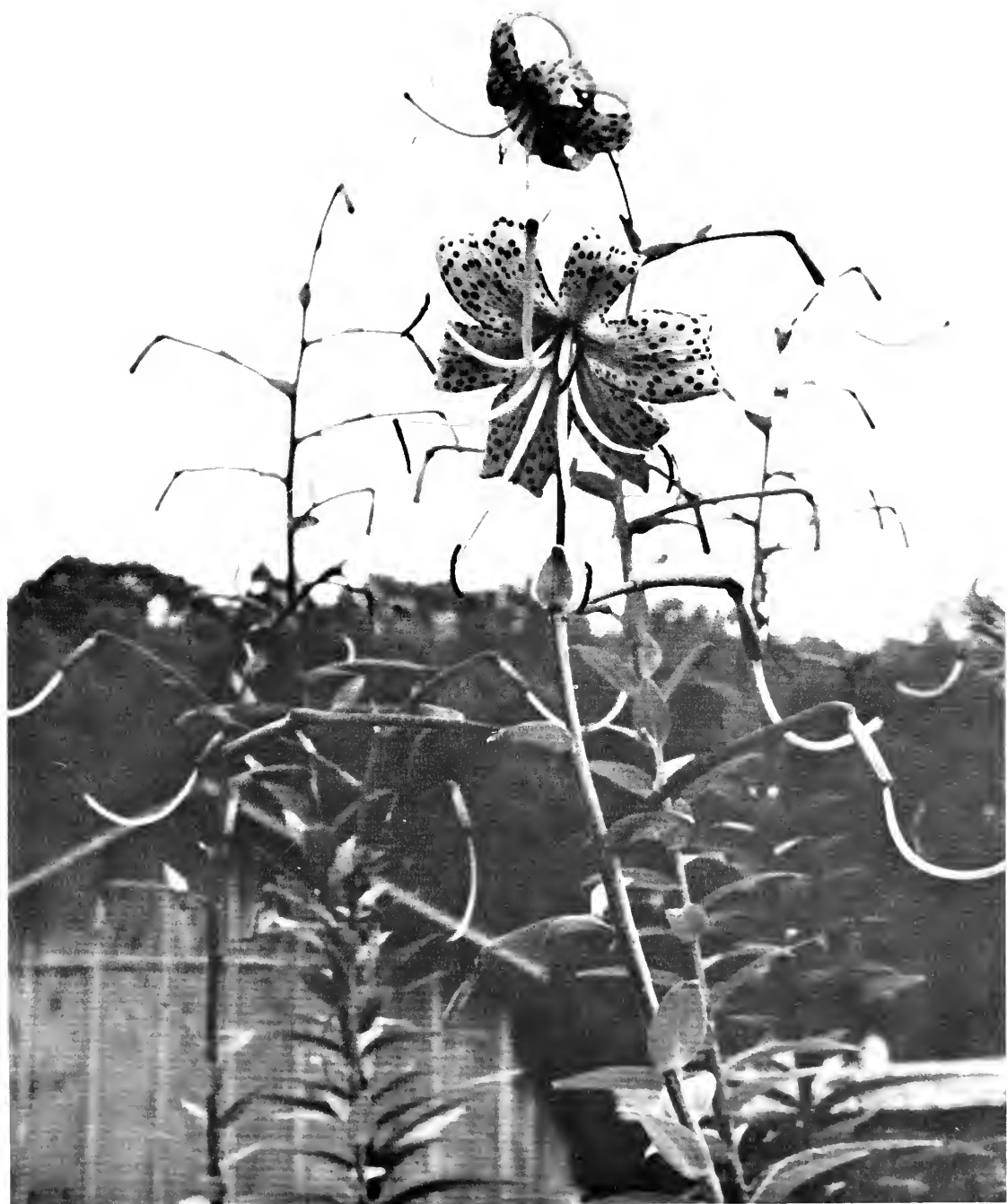
danielle, i didn't want to tell you, but the barn is all aflame,  
and they act as though it burning is some weird, macabre game,  
and they don't act like they're human and they don't have any shame,  
i don't know what to do.

danielle, i do not want to do it, but you're right and there's no choice,  
i'll invite them in to dinner with my sweetest honeyed voice,  
let them eat our home-grown mushrooms and coo that they're such fine boys,  
i'll bury them in the dew.

Mother Mary keep and help us,  
Mother Mary keep and help us,  
Sacred Jesus, keep and help us,  
i'll bury them in the dew.

- Susan Lair







Cleaning.

It's never been a job I relish.

But closets will get cluttered

And drawers will bulge.

So yesterday I sat down to sort

Through trivia and treasure

Through bag and box.

I found an awful lot of life there.

A lot of life with you.

Scrapbooks and knick-knack cases spilled into my lap.

Memories peeked around the walls of my mind which I had  
built against you. Against anybody since.

Letters of love and letters of news, balloons from some  
unplanned party. Wisps of tissue from once-bright  
packages given on impulse. Flat rocks and too,  
shiny pebbles from the summer park. A cracker-jack  
ring. The label from a French champagne and a bit  
of cork. A pressed daisy with only two petals.  
Two old Hallmark cards with goofy verses.

I think my walls have crumbled.

But all is not fond recollection, or Barbra Streisand  
songs. I remember the fights. I remember the cold  
glares. I remember when you wouldn't love me, hold  
me, or even touch my arm. I remember when you began  
to have time for everyone but me.

I'm not the saint who endures through all her lover's  
moods and phases. The aloofness made me wander back  
to myself, to crawl inside and latch the door. I  
don't think you even noticed me wandering away.

Life's not a story, and bittersweet memories only make  
my head ache. Love's not immortal, either.

So I put the boxes and bags in the trash can. My closets  
are clean, now.

Pass the mortar, please.

JRM  
1976

A latticework of great beauty separates us,  
With wondrous criss-crosses that stretch eternally  
on each passage.

Roses of infinite worth droop their heads on your  
side and lure me toward them.

Like you they are sustained by perfection, and I  
have no hope of attaining them.

This fine white mesh seen at a distance conceals  
great pain for one who might dare to stretch  
even a finger through to the other side.

Though closer, the peril is still there, revealed  
by thousands of painted diamonds and rows of  
white columns slanting as painted rain.

Were this a story of love, great sorrow or under-  
standing might be my reward, but no consol-  
ation can be given to me.

I seek nothing but a mirage of ideas, a mirror  
clouded by your presence that persuades yet  
detains each futile attempt.

Roses only grow for those such as you, at least  
in the kingdom of my imagination,

But couldn't some wind from your realm deign to  
blow through the wall 'one stray petal.'

- Diane C. Beall

Here we live quietly  
Though the sky bows taut above.  
And come the arrows  
Wet, stabbing at my hands  
Palm up to catch them.  
She's angered that I'm laughing  
At the thunder.  
Her hands close tight around her words  
Then snatch at mine.  
Her fingers, cut by the sharp-edged air,  
Bleed syllables.  
A mime I can't close my ears to.  
I close my eyes  
And breathe into the pungent earth.  
It, only, is the same  
As when in wandering I first settled here  
To feel the sticky grass beneath my neck.

- Glenda Savage

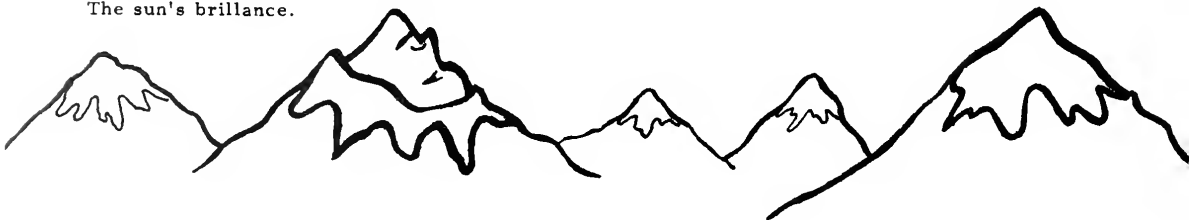
I have some  
 Friends,  
 Or had long ago,  
 Who can  
 Catch the sun  
 And hold it,  
 Even when  
 The dark, rolling  
 Storm clouds  
 Fill their horizons.  
 They hold  
 The sun  
 In their hands,  
 Letting its light  
 Trickle between  
 Their fingers  
 Everynow and then;  
 Escaping to twinkle  
 And sparkle  
 Around their heads  
 As they walk through  
 The shadows  
 That blow  
 And drift  
 Across the faces  
 Of barren planets.  
 They hold  
 The sun  
 In their eyes,  
 Locking it  
 Away there,  
 But letting it  
 Peak out  
 Once and awhile  
 With a  
 Smile and a wave.  
 They hold  
 The sun  
 In their lives  
 With a savage grip,  
 Clutching the rope  
 With which  
 They hang from  
 The cliff.  
 The shadows  
 Fall back  
 Within their shells.  
 For the suncatchers  
 Reflect and amplify  
 The sun's brilliance.

## RAINMAKERS

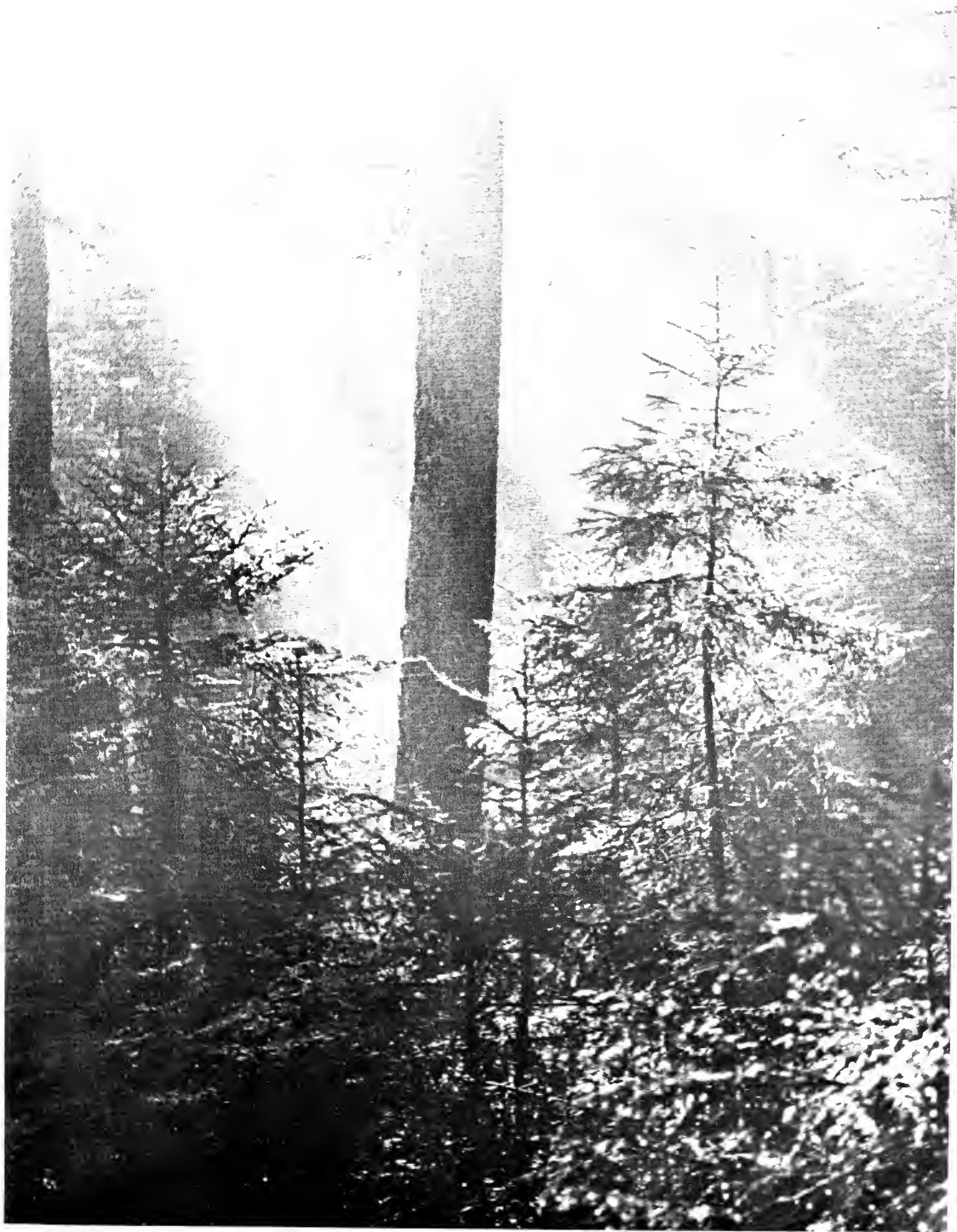
I have some  
 Friends  
 Or knew those  
 In a passing daydream,  
 Who embrace  
 The clouds  
 That come floating  
 Through our lives.  
 They let the Storms  
 Grow and expand  
 Within them.  
 Through their  
 Eyes you can see  
 The heavy, somber  
 Clouds passing  
 Over the darkened  
 Prairies  
 Of their hearts.  
 Theirs is a  
 Shade world  
 Of ghosts and tears,  
 Broken dreams,  
 And forgotten memories.  
 The rainmakers  
 Aren't really here,  
 They are merely  
 Reflections  
 Of someone's  
 Sadness.

Solomon Wistra

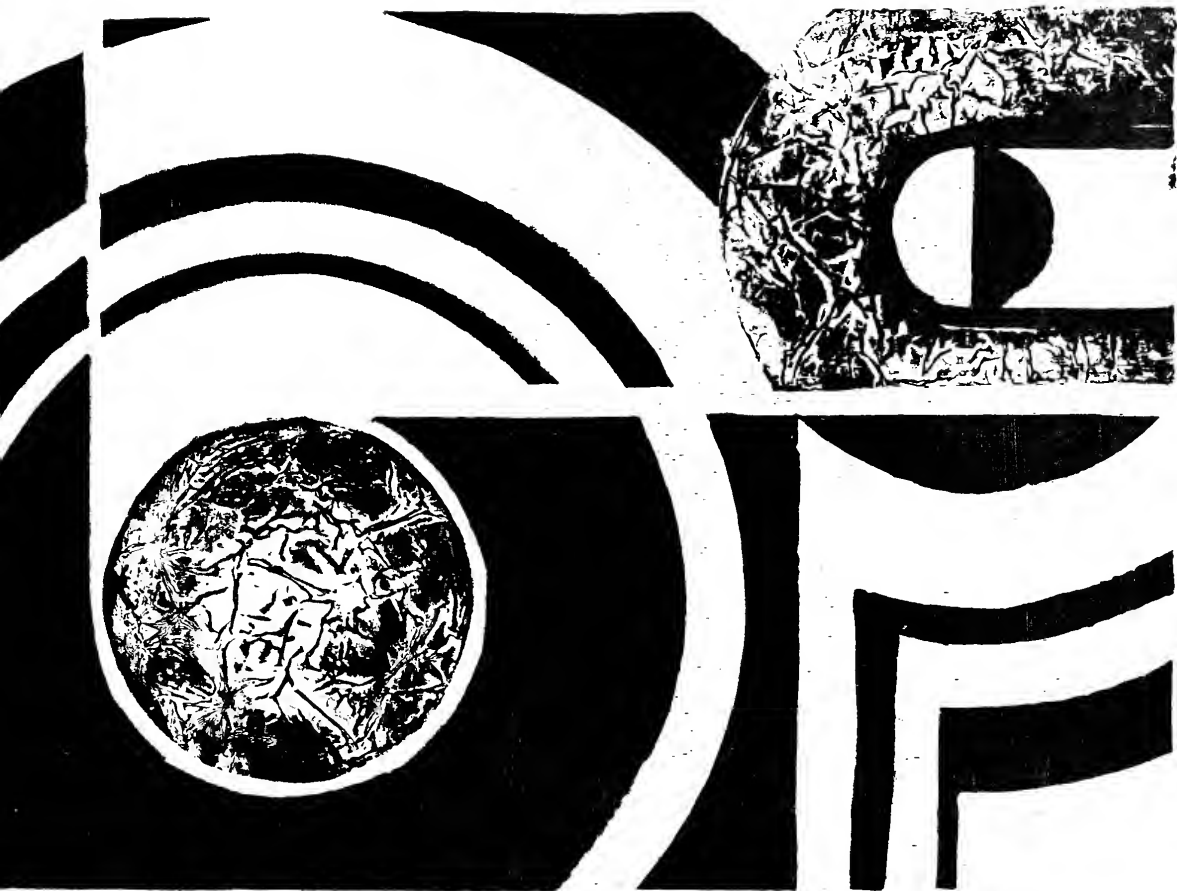
I am a  
 Moondancer,  
 No better,  
 No worse,  
 Than the passing  
 Comets  
 Or the falling stars.  
 I dance  
 To the measure  
 Of the heart's whim  
 And the time  
 Of the imagination,  
 Tempered with  
 The beat of reason.  
 I reflect that  
 Of the sun  
 Which I can,  
 And escape  
 From the clouds  
 When allowed.  
 I'd love  
 To fly  
 Away,  
 But I'm much  
 Too heavy.  
 Someday though,  
 The flight will  
 Be mine,  
 And I will  
 Sail,  
 High and steady  
 Above the clouds,  
 Maybe not  
 So high  
 That Icarus  
 And I  
 Are Brothers.  
 Till then,  
 I dance  
 In the moon  
 And sing  
 My songs  
 Of tomorrow.











63A

Silent summer afternoons,  
drifting across the veranda of my mind,  
The purring of the fan drones on  
and on, drones on,  
And that is all there is to hear besides my thoughts.

Thoughts! a jumble of impressions, really,  
how much wine did I drink last night? not much,  
Behaved fairly proprietously as behooves  
a person of my class and rank...  
What class and rank?

There are moments when those lovely dark eyes  
make me want to scream, I never  
Am quite sure what he's thinking  
or just how he feels about me...  
He never says.

Snow, why must your kittens grow up?  
why not an eternal summer just for them  
So that they'll never go away or kill birds  
but dance and play together for all time...  
Why did we have to grow up?

I remember warm summer nights on the mountain  
with fireflies and bogey-men and  
A million stars shining above the trampoline  
while honeycuckled air filled our treehouse  
And Star regarded us as her puppies.

Far away now, I sit on the veranda of my mind  
And see it all again, not quite certain  
Whether to laugh or cry or to be silent.

- Susan Lair

O SALEM!

O Salem!  
There lie your slaughtered women.  
Your unfortunate hags lie cold and still,  
Victims of your fiery wrath  
Against yourself.

O Salem!  
Shall they pay the price of your sins?  
What crime had they save age and youth?  
Victims of your fiery wrath  
Against mankind.

O Salem!  
There lie your slaughtered women,  
Killed by the delusions in your foggy eyes,  
Victims of God's fiery wrath  
Against your town.

For there she stands on the scaffold,  
A rough snake's coil around her woman's neck,  
And faded eyes scan the faces, all known,  
And see the scorn and the light and the fear  
(Yea, most of all the fear)  
And in her wrinkled weathered face she smiles, yea, laughs,  
For it is they who are damned,  
For it is they the world will curse:  
For the ignorance of these learned men,  
For the very fear in their eyes.  
Yea, they are damned,  
not she.

- Susan Lair

An idea  
must be nurtured--  
just like a wiggly baby.  
It cries  
to go its own way...free, alive.  
But it needs direction.  
Not stifling or squelching or  
Filing away in somebody's  
Tin box  
to be remembered ten years later  
and then discarded, because  
Freedom has turned to mist  
and dreams.

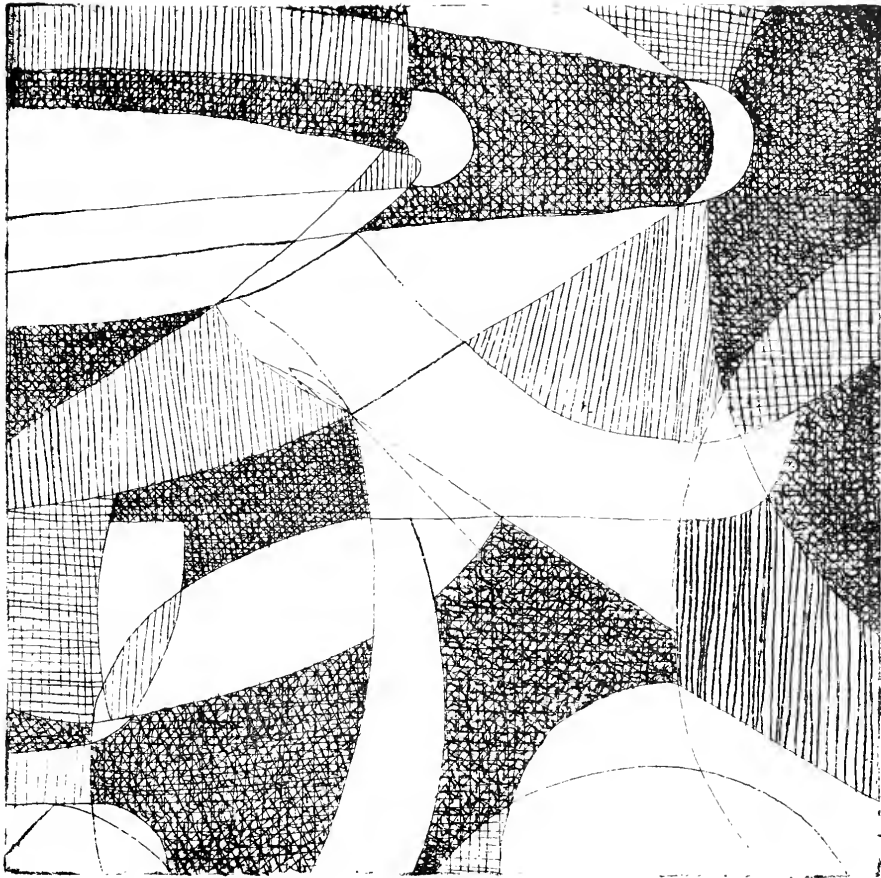
An idea  
bursts with life--  
like a newborn baby  
But becomes a reality  
only if someone says,  
"That's good."

- Martha Speer

LEAR

Gnat braving self against celestial flyswatter,  
Staggering feebler up to buzz again, again  
After each well-timed, right-aimed smash  
Against the teasing pane of madness,  
Escape promised and at once denied:  
Would you mount up and buzz the fiercer  
If you knew that one such smash  
Could smear the mightiest of flies?

- Jon Jefferson



*Camellias from glossy leaves shall fall,  
 Blossoms of the Boulevard pass to fruit, nectar, and earthy pit  
 Time and time; cyclic, blurring into obscurity.  
 Height and breadth and countenance shall alter, mellow or crease,  
 a living calendar.*

*The Exodus long accomplished--  
 Egypt now exists only a haze of brick, faded ribbons, pressed clover,  
 Summoned to mind only on October's Yom Kippur  
 Or on winter nights as your eyes probe the secrets of a lustral fire.  
 Remember me then.  
 Take out your memories like some fond numismatist.  
 Weight them in your heart, flash them through your eye at the  
 flame's face.  
 Watch their reflection trickle back, caught in Soul's mirror,  
 echoing against the walls of your mind.  
 Be not a lotus-eater, traveller of the Lethe.  
 Keep a brand yet burning, however lilliputian.  
 If you have nothing else, use the recollection of my love  
 as kindling.*

*As the cherry gnarls,  
 Remember me.*

JRM  
 1976

Millions of red  
Balloons  
Fell from the sky  
Bouncing and popping  
Around me, as  
I lay on the banks  
Of a dying river.  
"The moon is cheese  
Don't eat it please,"  
He said as he  
Crossed to my side  
Of the world  
Skipping gaily,  
And sat in the shade  
Of the tree  
That had once  
Grown there.

"When is tomorrow?"  
I asked him but no one  
In particular.  
"Tomorrow is when  
Lovers hold hands  
With knives in the other."  
He giggled as he  
Did somersaults  
In the browning grass.  
How sad,  
Thought I,  
Turning the words over  
With a sharp pointed stick.  
"Well then,"  
I said  
After centuries past,  
"Why is tomorrow?"  
He stopped;  
Put down the flower  
He'd been singing  
Softly to,  
And sat,  
Head bowed saying:  
"Because today wasn't."  
The tear fell miles  
And broke the surface  
Of the river,  
Spreading ripples  
Round and round  
Our reflections.

Interlude I or  
"The Ictus"

If your love is real,  
Why can't I touch it?  
I can touch hunger,  
I can feel it in  
The shrunken bellies  
Of the rotting bodies  
Lying in the sun.  
I can touch hatred,  
I can feel it in  
The guns, glares and glances  
Of life.  
I can touch sadness.  
I can feel it in the tears  
Of the old  
Who've known too much.  
And the young  
Who don't understand.

But I can't touch the Love you sing.  
The facade held  
With strings of greed.  
The brotherly love you  
Profess  
Is but the mutterings  
Of your tongue,  
And the lying box  
In your throat.

Falling Darkness

The river was dead,  
And I alone  
As we waited for  
The final flourish  
That would start  
The round of applause  
And free  
The butterflies  
At last, forever.  
The morning was soon;  
Night had not come  
And I wondered what  
Was keeping her.  
I sighed and  
Shot the bolt  
That locked me in  
The dungeon forever,  
Or until  
I wished to leave.

I slept,  
For morning had come  
And the time for sleep was  
Now,  
While I wondered  
At the falling darkness.

"Where is yesterday?"  
Asked the dark,  
Looking slowly  
Down at me.  
"It was here  
When I left."  
"Yesterday hides in  
The hills of the Lord,"  
I said sadly.  
The dark asked:  
"Why?"  
"Yesterday hides,  
For it is ashamed  
Of the gift  
It gave  
Today."  
"No,"  
Said the dark softly  
After thinking  
A while.  
"Yesterday hides  
Because  
Tomorrow  
Will pay  
For the gift he gave."

Interlude II or  
"The Crowds Tore Down  
the Evening Sun"

Under the day  
Of the night

Under the dark  
Of the sun,  
I stood  
As I sat  
Mumbling  
Loud songs of  
Unthankful gratitude.  
I am the oppressed,  
I am the hungry,  
The dust of your feet.  
I am the Crimson Specter  
Of your future

The Last Trumpet

I screamed  
As I fell  
Into the sun.  
With the sound  
Of dreary chants  
Of elders behind me.  
But sitting there  
Smiling faintly,  
I knew  
The river was alive,  
And growing  
Quickly.  
And that all  
That would be,  
Had been.  
The sun exploded;  
The earth imploded  
And the skies were  
Shattered by the crying  
Of children.

I shall meet  
Him  
Soon.

"Why was I there?"  
I asked as  
The sun winked  
Out finally.  
"To learn if it  
Was worth the  
Coming or if all  
The flowers  
Must die,"  
They answered  
In a chorus  
That burned  
My ears and  
Made them ring.  
I cried  
"I have no need  
Of the answer."  
And jumped into  
A passing hole  
That fell forever  
Till finally I  
Landed,  
Back at where  
I started.

And in the east-west, from Jerusalem  
The last trumpet sounded...

-- Solomon Wistra



